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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

Written for the Democrat.

FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis not when hope shines o'er our path,
And brightly beams our sky,
And the sun of life's happy days
Looks up the smiling eye—
'Tis not when earth seems bright and fair,
And Fortune's gifts surround,
When the glad heart with rapture fills—
That Friendship's worth is found.

But when affliction's hour doth come,
And clouded is Hope's ray,
When sorrows crowd around, and shut
The light of life's glad day—
Then as a sunbeam o'er the fount
Where troubled waters roll,
So flits its warm and cheering light
Upon the care-worn soul.

The flame of Love more radiant glows,
And casts a brighter gleam,
But Friendship, like the night's pale gem,
Burns with a steadier beam:
This lights the chilling frosts of age,
And glides Life's closing day;
That flashes like a meteor bright,
And quickly fades away.

Then let us cherish in our hearts,
This priceless gem divine,
That when the clouds of sorrow low'r,
Its light may o'er us shine
And when the hour of death is past,
When close'd is Life's warm spell,
May our freed souls, beyond the sky,
In deathless Friendship dwell.

Paris, Me.

MALVINA.

NIGHT.

From the west the farewell light,
Fling backward by the setting sun,
And silence deepens as the night
Steals with its solemn shadows on!
Gathers the soft, refreshing dew,
On springing grass and floweret stems—
And lo! the overspreading blue
Is radiant with a thousand gems!

Not only doth the voiceless day
Thy loving kindness, Lord, proclaim—
But night with its sublime array
Of worlds, doth magnify Thy name!
Yea, while adoring seraphim
Before Thee bend the willing knee,
From every star a choral hymn
Goes up perpetually to Thee!

Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night Thy voice makes known:
Through all the earth where thought may reach,
Is heard the glad and solemn tone—
And words, beyond the farthest star
Whose light hath reached a human eye,
Catch the hush of Thy sweet voice.

O, only Thou dost rule the main
And compass of the evening hours,
We too, would lift our solemn psalm
To praise Thy goodness, and Thy power!
For over us, as over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall the contrite call
On Thee, our Father and our Friend.

Knept by Thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to Thy name we pour—
Night o'er us, with its stars—we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore!
In grief, console—in gladness bless—
In darkness, guide—in sickness, cheer—
Till, in the Savior's righteousness,
Before Thy throne our souls appear!

Paris, Me.

CALVIN.

POPULAR TALES.

THE RECLAIMED WIFE.

BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

Marianna Worthington had long reigned the belle of her circle. From the moment she had quitted her boarding-school, an accomplished and beautiful girl of seventeen, she had been besieged by admirers and suitors, with no other result than to increase her popularity. Yet at twenty-three she had no other admirer than Time had only unfolded in her new beauties of person, and new graces of mind; and at twenty-three with all the ripe charms of womanhood, her admirers were not diminished. Do you ask why she so long remained single to their prayers? Perhaps the answer can be best gathered from

her own reflections, as she reclined upon a rich lounge, in her pleasant boudoir, one warm afternoon in the spring of 1830. She was habited in a single loose robe of white, and her position of careless ease developed, to good advantage the outlines of a most exquisitely moulded form, and displayed a finely turned foot and ankle, which, with the little satin slipper, seemed barely escaped from the folds of the robe. The dress, for comfort, was loosed about the shoulders, and sufficiently open to leave bare the whole of the graceful neck. Her features, even in the calm repose of thought were beautiful; they were regular and even as the chiseled marble; but when the "fringed curtains of the eye" were raised, and the dark orbs poured forth their radiance, lighting up the face with animation and intelligence, they were more than beautiful—they were almost divine. But in dwelling upon her beauty, we are forgetting the reflections we are to disclose.

"Why is it," she mentally exclaimed, dropping listlessly at her side the book upon which she had been vainly endeavoring to fix her mind?—"why is it that I, who for years have been followed, and flattered, and courted, by the handsome, the talented, and the wealthy, not only of this, my native place, but I verily believe of almost all the States in the Union, have never loved. They say I am proud—that is not so; for I am sure I have given them all a fair mark, and if it has been so far untouched, if all their efforts have failed to make an impression upon it—it is not because I would not, but I cannot love. I say I am not proud, because, although I have dismissed their suits, I have treated none haughtily or with scorn. And yet after all, pride may have something to do with it. Their flattery and their homage has spoiled me, and caused me to look down upon them—whereas if they had approached me differently—approached me with a little more confidence in themselves—a little manifestation of consciousness of their own equality, perhaps even superiority—I might have learned to have looked up to, to have admired, yes, loved some one of them. Well, mother and father think it is high time I were well married, and to say the truth, I have not much inclination myself, to a life of celibacy—it will be so lonely when one grows old and wrinkled, and has no admirers, to be amused with; besides, I may be standing in the way of my dear younger sisters. Dear! dear! I think I could love, if I could find a proper lover. I've plenty of wooers—will nobody win me? And she rose, laughing at her own silly thoughts—proceeded to her toilet, and commenced a variety of little arrangements; a detail of which would not perhaps be interesting. She was going to an evening fete.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, or a little after, the fair Marianna, attired in a plain but costly riding-habit, sat in her drawing room waiting for the servant to announce that her horse was ready, for her morning ride. She was seated pensively by a polished table, one arm resting upon it and her eyes cast down, while one fair hand absently twirled the handle of her riding-whip among the curls which dropped down from beneath the velvet cap. We will again expose her thoughts.

"Well, am I in love at last? Really I am half inclined to think I am—my heart palpitates when his clear, cold eye rested upon me and I'm afraid that for once in my life my face glowed with a guilty blush. Guilty of love?—no, no; I despise him! It is only that my vanity is wounded by his indifference, that my thoughts thus dwell upon him. Not a compliment, nor a languishing glance, nor a tender word—and then how leisurely he sauntered for his hat when I was ready to leave! It is plain he considered it no extraordinary honor to be permitted to escort Miss Worthington to her home. And have I been foolish enough to fall in love with a man who manifests no disposition to love me?"

"Some men," said his wife, and her heart palpitates with an expression of better hope, "acquire popularity by the use of their intellects; others are contented to buy it."

"The husband's conduct," she replied, "is not the husband's conduct, as he replied—'You wrong my motives, my dear; I do not desire popularity; I am only trying to do what little good in the world my means enable me to do.'"

"Very plausible," she returned; "I wonder your philanthropy did not induce you to accept the nomination yesterday, as in case of your election you would have had an opportunity of carrying out those political measures which you hold to be so essential to the good of your country."

"Marianna, it is your silly pride which prompts you to speak in this strain," replied he, regarding her with a look of mingled sorrow and reproach.

"You are insulting!" exclaimed the wife, and with a step of offended dignity she hastily left the room.

There were few names more distinguished at the Bar of his country. His inclination had but recently led him to settle in—, the native city of our heroine, and the capital of one of the Western States, which, for reasons of our own, shall not be specified.

One month after the morning ride above referred to, our heroine was spending an evening with a select company at a friend's Mr. Sydnor was present. His attentions to the ladies were general, and one could scarce have detected in his manner a preference for any particular one; but during the evening, a single sentence which escaped him revealed a secret to all who heard it. Several of the ladies had been singing, and when it became Miss Worthington's turn, he approached her and said—

"Marianna, will you favor us with that pretty best song of yours?"

Of her admirers, none had ever before presumed to address her by a more familiar title than that of "Miss Worthington." Significant glances were exchanged among the company, and it was soon whispered that the haughty beauty was "engaged." So in truth she was. In less than a year, she became Mrs. Sydnor.

The first year succeeding her marriage we shall pass over in silence. At the end of that period we shall introduce the reader into an apartment of Mr. Sydnor's dwelling. It was about ten at night, and the young wife was sitting at her workstand. A piece of embroidery at which she had been amusing herself, was cast carelessly aside, and with a gloomy and troubled brow she was glancing over the morning's Gazette. She was unhappy. She had married the only man she had ever admired—not that she had truly loved him, though she had endeavored to persuade herself she did—because she thought she ought to marry; and she had met with none who promised to be more "endurable" as a husband, than Richard Sydnor Esq. He was eminent as a lawyer, eminent as a politician, eminently wealthy—how could she have made a better choice? She was ambitious—and here was a proper husband for her—who knew what post of honor in his country he might fill? and who would be more respected than the great statesman's lady? These visions which she had indulged before marriage, seemed destined after it to be woefully disappointed. Her husband though possessed of a truly great mind, in her estimation, lacked energy—lacked ambition. She ceased to admire—then what was left to bind her to him? Alas! nothing. She had never known real love; that sacred feeling of the human heart—unfathomable, inexplicable—but once known—adhesive.

The paper she was reading contained the proceedings of a political convention held the previous day, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the gubernatorial chair of the State. Mr. Sydnor had received the unanimous vote of the meeting, and in a short but eloquent speech, had respectfully declined the nomination. Marianna's eyes flashed with indignation.

"It cannot be that he does not covet the honor," thought she; "but the contest is expected to be an arduous one, and his timid spirit shrinks from the encounter. Oh, how I have been deceived in him!"

At this moment her husband entered. He did not observe her sullen looks, but laying some Bank bills upon the table before her, said—

"Marianna, I shall be out of town to-morrow. Here are one hundred dollars, fifty of which I wish you to give to the trustees of the poor who will call in the morning. If you go out during the day, I wish you to leave the other fifty at Mr. Bradshaw's, for the Mechanics' Library Association. And, stay—I promised to give something towards erecting the new Academy. If the commissioners call, set down a hundred dollars to my name. I will pay it when I return."

"Some men," said his wife, and her heart palpitates with an expression of better hope, "acquire popularity by the use of their intellects; others are contented to buy it."

"The husband's conduct," she replied, "is not the husband's conduct, as he replied—'You wrong my motives, my dear; I do not desire popularity; I am only trying to do what little good in the world my means enable me to do.'"

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"You are insulting!" exclaimed the wife, and with a step of offended dignity she hastily left the room.

It would be difficult to say whether Sydnor was most pained or astonished at this demonstration of her temper. Scarcely knowing how to act, and not caring to expostulate for the further, he did not follow her, but taking off his coat, threw himself upon a sofa, where he passed a night of sleepless and feverish solicitude. This was the first angry scene which had occurred between them; it proved but the precursor of others, and more lamentable ones. In a few months more they separated, and Marianna returned to her father's house.

Of her admirers, none had ever before presumed to address her by a more familiar title than that of "Miss Worthington." Significant glances were exchanged among the company, and it was soon whispered that the haughty beauty was "engaged." So in truth she was. In less than a year, she became Mrs. Sydnor.

ings of the heart which render the sex worthy of the love and honour which men accord them.

"She does possess those better feelings," thought he, "but they are swallowed up in her selfish pride. If that were once cured, she would then become what my fancy believed her; divested of her vanity, she is not, cannot be the heartless being she seems. It must be left to time—I will hope for the best."

We will not dwell upon the rumors and suspicions which the separation gave rise to among the scandal-loving of the little capital, or upon the misery and unhappiness of which these rumors were the source to the deserted husband. He met them all, however, with an undisturbed front; his life went on in its wonted course, and he went about his daily pursuits with his usual composure. Whatever his sorrows, he hushed them close in his own breast, or only indulged them in solitude. In the society of his friends, he never countenanced or permitted any allusion to the subject. Marianna was equally prudent in keeping counsel, so that notwithstanding all the speculations of very worthy gossips, the cause of the separation, and whether he or she was in fault, remained a profound secret.

Although Mrs. Sydnor retired to her father's house, she did not altogether withdraw from the world. She occasionally graced her former circles, and the consequences was that her old admirers again crowded around her. Some of them, indeed, saw in her present position a peculiar attraction which rendered them doubly zealous to court her society; but self-respect taught her prudence, and she held them all at a respectful distance. Among her own sex, she renewed the closest intimacy with many of her old companions, married and unmarried, and her drawing room soon became their favorite resort, to which of the other sex very few indeed found access, and those of the most unexceptionable reputation. Yet among that few there was one who was destined to prove a dangerous foe to her peace.

In Raymond Devos, were united a brilliant, if not a deep mind, and personal attractions of no common order; he possessed an almost intuitive faculty of reading human character and combined consummate hypocrisy with a versatility of talent and fluency of speech, which enabled him to adapt himself to any and every society he might fall into. At the time of Marianna's separation from her husband, he was, or feigned to be, paying serious attentions to one of her younger sisters, and was thus thrown much into her company. To whatever degree his feelings might have inclined toward the younger sister, they soon became converted into a new element, and the young wife became the object of a passion as violent as it was reprehensible.

His discernment enough to foresee that his game would be a desperate one, but he resolved to try the hazard; and accordingly premeditated a course in which all the refinement of subtlety he was master of was brought to bear. He discreetly discarded the ordinary love-tactics—sighs, tender glances, impassioned tones, and graceful compliments—and approached her with that most delicate of all species of flattery which can be addressed to a sensible woman—praising in her presence a reserve which she could not fail to construe into tacit admiration. If she broached a favorite topic, he knew, too, just when to grow eloquent, that it might seem he was warmed by her words unconscious to him.

By this course of flattery, he soon gained her confidence. In short, he acquired, in a brief time, a power over her mind, which was not less than his anticipations, and of which he was not slow to take advantage by insidiously introducing into their conversations the subject of platonic affection. In the hands of a skilful libertine, there is no more dangerous weapon than this same doctrine of platonic love. Once infused into a woman's breast, it becomes an impenetrable screen which hides from her inward eye the workings of her own heart, and behind it the embryo passion quickly grows to hideous maturity.

Raymond Devos discoursed winningly of platonic love—Marianna listened and smiled. He became bolder, and declared that he entertained such an affection for her. She frowned—but he knew that she was only pleased. Very calmly and dispassionately, to enforce precept by example, still maintaining his distant respectfulness, he dwelt upon the purity, the innocence, and the unselfishness of the feeling. Her imagination caught inspiration from his words. She did not promise to reciprocate it—neither did she forbid him to cherish it. He now felt that his triumph was already half complete, and already he was happy in the anticipation of the success that would soon crown his perseverance.

A few weeks elapsed, and Raymond's machinery was progressing gradually to the desired end. He had gained her confidence, and she had become his slave. He now felt that his triumph was already half complete, and already he was happy in the anticipation of the success that would soon crown his perseverance.

the old-fashioned residence of Mrs. Sydnor's relative.—The country around it was uneven and picturesque, with alternate contrasts of forest and arable land. From the rear of the house a handsome garden extended some hundred yards to the river, and here, upon the high bank, was erected a pleasant little arbour, from whence, the opposite country, for miles up and down the stream, afforded a delightful prospect. In this arbour, toward the decline of a clear day in September, Marianna was seated alone. She had repaired thither not so much to enjoy the scenery, as to indulge some melancholy reflections, that had for a few days past occupied her mind, and the nature of which we must explain.

The relative whose guest she was, a childless uncle, who, when she was quite young, had taken a fancy to her, and prevailed upon her parents to allow him partially to rear and educate her. Thus her early years had been divided between her paternal roof and her uncle's, and her attachment to the latter was little less than to the former. The old man dearly loved her. Upon one of his late visits to the city, he had heard some scandalous whispers of her intimacy with Devos, and upon the occasion of her present sojourn with him, he had thought it his duty to inform her of her indiscretion. His counsels had set her to thinking. To whatever extent her vanity might have been gratified by Devos's admiration, she was as yet innocent of harbouring a thought that could sully her virtue, and her first knowledge that she was an object of such suspicions, was harrowing enough. Her eyes became opened to her real position, and she began to see her error. When we can bring ourselves to acknowledge one error, there is hope for us. One error will convince us of another, until at length we begin to "see ourselves as others see us." Having once become conscious that her conduct had been wrong since her separation from her husband, and that her vanity had been the source of it, Marianna could not conceal from herself the truth that she had also been wrong in the dissensions which had led to that separation, and that all her subsequent errors had sprung from the same thoughtless source. The limits of our story will not allow us to pursue all the workings of her mind in its salutary changes; but it will not be difficult for the reader to convince how remorse followed conviction, and with it came a yearning of the heart toward the husband she had injured and deserted. This was the state of her feelings as she sat gazing out from the little arbour we have mentioned.

Upon the opposite side of the river stood a splendid new edifice, the grounds adjoining which were laid out in a style of modern elegance. This was the country seat of the new-elected Governor of the State. He was a member of the same party with Sydnor, and it was said that only by the influence of the latter had he been enabled to carry the election. From the Governor's house along the gravelled coach road which led to the turnpike bridge, some distance down the river, Marianna beheld the figures leisurely moving. A spy-glass lay upon a table near her, and applying it to her eye, by its aid she recognized in turn, the Governor himself, her own husband, and a graceful female, whom she presumed to be the Governor's wife. The two former were engaged in close conversation the subject of which did not seem to be of much interest to the lady, for she presently quickened her pace, and proceeded a little way before them. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the house, the road approached to within a stone's throw of a cliff, which overhung the river. Intersecting this cliff, at right angles to the water, was a long narrow ravine or chasm, over which the road was extended by a wooden bridge. The lady pursued her way over the bridge, but Sydnor and the Governor were so intent upon the theme they were debating, that they had diverged from the road, apparently unconsciously to themselves, and were nearing the angle of the cliff. When they discovered their mistake, and they turned toward the bridge. As if startled by something they both suddenly wheeled again, and the Governor threw up his arms with an extravagant gesture. Sydnor started to the verge of the chasm, with a desperate leap barely cleared it, and rushed onward. Marianna, in excitement at the scene, had risen to her feet, and following him with her eyes, soon perceived the cause of alarm. The Governor's wife, upon the other side of the ravine, had approached the verge of the cliff, and probably to obtain a better view of some distant point had laid hold of one of the branches of an old tree, which grew vertically from the steep bank, and leaning over too far, lost her balance; the bough, yielding with her weight, had swung outward, and she was thus suspended by her hands, above the water, with her feet upon the edge of the cliff, but without sufficient strength to regain her former position. Reaching the spot, and seeing at a glance she could not be recovered to the top of the cliff, Sydnor threw himself over, seizing the bough with one hand, and with the other arm securing the lady. The weight of both upon the pliant branch, at once bore it down, letting them drop gently upon a narrow ledge near the water. Here his foothold was not too secure, but the gallant rescuer managed to sustain himself and the lady, by inserting the fingers of one hand into a crevice in the bank. Marianna could not restrain a cry of admiration at her husband's intrepidity, nor could she suppress a pang of momentary jealousy, as she beheld him standing thus with one arm around his lady, while she, with hers thrown around his neck, clung in terror to his breast. Some persons in a fishing boat at a little distance, who had witnessed the scene, now hastened to their relief, and a few minutes afterward, the lady being restored to the arms of the half-frantic Gov-

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1039-1043.

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